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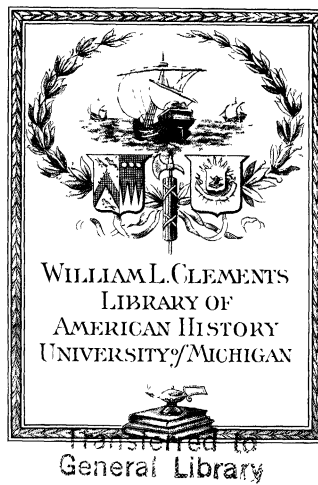
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CARPENTER - HISTORY OF BARTON LANDING - 1893



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History of Barton Landing.

AN

ADDRESS

Read before the ORLEANS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

August 27, 1892.

BY

HON. B. F. D. CARPENTER.

Also "THE LANDING PLACE" by D. W. HILDRETH

AND

An account of the UNVEILING OF "MEMORIAL ROCK"

Compiled from the records by

JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D., SECRETARY.

NEWPORT
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
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History of Barton Landing.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
THE ORLEANS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AUGUST 27, 1892.

Two words conjoined, furnish the name of a pleasant and enterprising village.—Barton Landing. The words came unsought, and united fell into use with a natural fitness and adaptation and are both significant and historic. The first, is the surname of a brave and distinguished officer of the American Revolution—General William Barton. This town is fortunate in the bestowal of a baptismal appellation, which so long as retained and spoken, must *ex necessitate* revive the memories of the Provincial militia and the minute men who were always the vanguard of freedom, and of one who fought because he believed it was right, and with heart, brain and conscience thoroughly imbued with a sense of duty and loyalty to freedom, won distinction as a soldier, and merited, and became trusted by Washington and loved by LaFayette.

William Barton, as the old record informs us was born at three o'clock in the morning May 26th, 1747, in the town of Warren R. I., which less than a year previous to his birth had been a part of the town of Providence. His father, Benjamin Barton, was deacon of the Calvinistic Congregational Church in Providence and had succeeded to the honor and emoluments of Constable of Warren. The people of that day were exceedingly punctilious in matters of etiquette, in the early records and in their intercourse with each other, the title of Mr. by which Benjamin Barton was always scrupulously addressed, and by which Clergymen, Deacons and Constables were designated, was considered one of honor and distinction. A Colonial writer speaks of a Constable, "as the right arm of the King

himself, a functionary treated with awe" and obeyed with deference. Whoever resisted his power resisted the "ordinance of God." The name, Barton, was an old and respected one in Colonial history, a coat of arms was preserved, which denoted an ancestry of consequence and renown in England. Others of the family name had served with distinction in the Colonial wars. William Barton, certainly, had no cause to complain of his lineage. He was baptised on the next day following his birth with significant punctuality, in accordance with the spirit of that period, and as the first born of a deacon, that interesting ceremony was not delayed. The boy attended the common schools, but being an expert and daring madcap, the hard and severe discipline of the school did not prevent him from frequent absences, and being foremost in acts of daring and hazardous experiments, he much preferred to row a boat scouring the coast for many miles on a starless night or to hold the tiller when the waves were the wildest, than submit to the restraints of study. I suspect he was not of the kind accounted a prodigy of goodness and of whom many a spinster predicted an early premature death, but rather of a roystering turn, of whom anxious mothers were extremely suspicious and warned their children to avoid such companionship fearing the contagious influence of evil communications. In that staid and sober village he was regarded as fast, and his progress in that direction was too rapid for his father's purse, and at the age of twelve he was bound out to learn a trade, a manner of procedure which was then consid-

ered a sovereign specific for evil tendencies. The harsh discipline of an apprenticeship was what the lad needed, and soon wrought a change but could not repress entirely the innate elements of a born leader. At the age of sixteen he became enrolled in the militia, and on becoming of age he commenced business for himself and became a worthy and prosperous manufacturer of hats. The village of his birth and parentage was romantic, picturesque and singularly beautiful in situation, as pretty a village with its long straight street shaded with a profusion of cherry trees, as ever laid itself down to rest by the "ever murmuring sea." At the age of majority in response to the wishes of a pious loving mother and in obedience to his own convictions, he became a member of the church of his native village which was situated upon a commanding eminence overlooking the bay. The people were called to church on the Sabbath day by the beat of a drum, and the same instrument was used to call them together on other days, and for other purposes. It beat for town meeting, the assembling of the militia, and in cases of alarm. There was a particular beat for each of those occasions, so that it may be said, there was the drum ecclesiastical, the drum military, and the drum civil. At the age of twenty-two he was happily married, his circumstances comfortable and his prospects for the future satisfactory. In common with all citizens he manifested a deep and absorbing interest in the various contentions of the colonies with the mother country. He was vigorous in speech in condemning the course of the British Parliament; for ten years of earnest discussion, but temperate remonstrance, he had speculated upon the *possibility*, for five years, when the spirit of indignant and resolute resistance to oppressive legislation, had become fused and welded into a condition of public sentiment partaking of the qualities of independent national life and purpose, he had believed in the probability, and for a year previous to the never-to-be-forgotten midnight ride of Paul Revere, he had accepted as an absolute certainty, an appeal to arms.

In the nervous tension of that period, every

sound, every sight, the arrival of every post rider, but deepened and intensified the significance, and all quietly organized, watched and waited. March, 1774, the people of Providence in attestation of their sympathy with the inhabitants of Boston in their determined resistance to the oppressive acts of Parliament resolved into a Tea Party. Accordingly the town crier, bell in hand at twelve o'clock noon, marched through the town and in stentorian tone announced that at five o'clock in the afternoon a "quantity of India Tea would be burned in the market place." "All true friends of their country, lovers of freedom and haters of shackles and hand-cuffs are hereby invited to testify their good disposition by bringing in and casting into the fire, a needless herb which for a long time hath been highly detrimental to our liberty, interest and health." In response thereto, a large concourse assembled, when about three hundred pounds of tea was burned, amidst the shout of the populace, the tolling of bells, beating of drums and screeching of fifes, a tar barrel, copies of Lord North's speeches and some Tory newspapers were added to the holocaust. Barton as a son of liberty and habited as an indian went along the streets with brush and lampblack and neatly obliterated the word Tea from the shop signs.

While he made hats he talked in a determined and independent way, and voiced sentiments which his majesty, George the Third, denounced as rank treason, and as indicative of his position, and as the cardinal doctrine of his political creed and faith, he cut out from the columns of the Providence Mercury and placed in a conspicuous place in his shop the resolve of the first independent legislature of America, assembled Oct. 1774, in the old meeting house on Concord Common. "Resolved that no danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate us, and if in the support of our rights, we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his Country." In June, 1774, the R. I. Assembly voted that one-fourth of the militia of the colony be enlisted as minute men and Mr.

William Barton was commissioned a recruiting officer and he became a minute man who was supposed to have his gun with him, at church, at home, at his place of business, ready to start at a minute's notice.

Upon learning the result of the battle of Bunker Hill he took no time to consider or arrange his business, but slinging his gun over his shoulder, mounted his horse, and went to Boston, arriving there on the second day after the battle, when he offered himself as a volunteer, and entered the service as a Corporal under the immediate command of Gen. Putnam, and, by a rapid but regular advancement was promoted to the rank of Captain; while in this service, working at intrenchments under the guns of the British Army, intercepting foraging parties and in various engagements, he obtained a knowledge of military duty, and by his personal courage and qualities as an officer, merited and won the favorable notice of Washington who ever afterward regarded him with esteem. But such as he were needed nearer his home, where the British war vessels had blockaded the Rhode Island coast and threatened to make a descent upon Newport and Providence, and he was assigned to an important and independent command as Colonel at Newport and Bristol, R. I. He rendered signal service in protecting the coast line, and while in this service he meditated long upon the possibility of the capture of the British General Prescott, learning from spies employed by himself, where Gen. Prescott was quartered on Rhode Island about one mile from the shore, he confided the design only of a secret expedition, which he represented as hazardous, to five officers and requested their co-operation, which was willingly pledged.

Five whale boats were provided and ordering his regiment to be paraded, he addressed his men, saying that he desired forty volunteers for an expedition against the enemy, and requested those who were willing to risk their lives to advance two paces to the front, without a moments pause the whole regiment advanced and selecting the forty, he affectionately thanked them all for their willingness to volunteer upon so desperate an undertaking. The next evening, on the fourth day of July,

1777, they embarked. they proceeded with muffled oars in silence, in the intense darkness which usually precedes a thunder storm, across the bay towards Bristol Ferry, to Warwick Neck from whence they designed to cross over to Rhode Island. Before the departure from Warwick Neck, which was on the 9th day of July about nine o'clock in the evening he appointed to each man his place; silently the little heroic band gathered about their commander to receive his last orders.

They were told first, that they were to preserve the strictest order, second, not to have the least idea of plunder, third, to observe the most profound silence, and fourth, to take no spiritous liquors with them. He then most earnestly commended all to the protection of Him who is the disposer of all events. In the forward boat Col. Barton posted himself with a pole ten feet long and a handkerchief attached to the end, so that his boat might be known. They passed three British frigates and so near that they heard the sentinel's cry of "all is well." By skillful maneuvering he eluded observation and gained the shore. He left a man to guard each boat and dividing his party into five divisions, marched to the house which was one mile distant. Silently and cautiously they reached the house, Quam. the negro body servant kept close in the track of his master. Conceive the situation; at a short distance was a body guard, and the Bay was lined with British ships. The British sentinel to his surprise found his arms pinioned to his side, his musket seized and himself in a stern voice threatened with instant death if he made the least noise. Learning from the affrighted guard the situation of the British General's room, after having placed his men to guard against an escape, Col. Barton with his negro servant reached the door which was fastened, the negro whose head was hard as a cannon ball made one plunge, and burst through the door, Col. Barton sword in hand rushed into the room and perceiving a person sitting on the side of the bed, rubbing his eyes, clapped his hand on his shoulder and asked if he was General Prescott and receiving answer that he was, told him that he was a prisoner and must go immediately with him. The British General demurred somewhat, and

on the repetition of a sterner command to start immediately, somewhat hastily inquired, "my God, Sir, must I go naked?" was again required to go, and in his night clothing, he tramped barefooted to the shore. The march to the boats was a hasty one, and the phrase that there "is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" was well illustrated, the British General was marched between Col. Barton and a Captain, with an arm around the neck and shoulder of each of his attendant guards, on the way to the boats they had to pass through a patch of blackberry bushes, which scratched his aristocratic legs, and as the sharp thornes in a democratic way drew patrician blood the haughty General made strenuous efforts to rise higher between his attendants, and looked about as if meditating an attempt for liberty, but the command of silence reiterated in a loud stern voice, and a hasty glance at the keen determined eyes of the Continental Colonel, accompanied with the flashing of a drawn sword in the hands of a cool, determined officer, convinced the captured General that "discretion was the better part of valor" and additional proof, if any was needed, was furnished in the resolute behavior of his captors, one of whom, pistol in hand, at a glance he recognized as a former prisoner whom he had sentenced to a hundred lashes on his bare back, and the no less suggestive action of a humorous subaltern in his rear, who with the point of a bayonet, in an admonitory manner, quickened his lagging footsteps, and General Prescott rather anxiously inquired if they intended personal injury, and piteously said "he hoped they would not hurt him." "Oh no," replied Col. Barton, "you shall not be hurt while under my care, but I have vowed to take you dead or alive, and as sure as there is a God in Heaven I shall take a breathing mortal or the dead carcass of a British General within the American lines." On arriving at the boats, Col. Barton threw his military cloak over the shivering form of his prisoner who remarked, "you have made a d——d bold push to-night," and no sooner did they push from the shore, than the signal of alarm arose from the British troops, the firing of cannon and the glare of bursting rockets and amid the noise of cannon, the

blaze of beacon lights and streaming rockets, they pursued their way, near the war vessels under the stern of one and the bowsprit of another where the boatswains whistle and the roll of the drum was summoning all hands on deck, but favored by the intense darkness that precedes the dawn, that hardy band of patriots at sunrise, found safety and shelter under the guns of an American fort. Col. Barton escorted his prisoner to comfortable quarters; on the march thither through the streets of the town, the captive British officer received an ovation not particularly of a triumphal character. Men, women and children were out in the streets, and the roguish urchins with mock sorrow put their handkerchiefs to their eyes making most grotesque faces, and the doors and door-posts of influential Tories were very appropriately draped with crape, while loud huzzas greeted the brave captors. For this exploit Col. Barton received from Congress a vote of thanks and the gift of an elegantly inscribed sword. A ballad was composed by one of his admirers entitled, "Brave Barton," one of the verses being as follows:

"Thus did they cross, and march away,
Where Prescott's hosts encamped lay,
On hostile measures bent:
Young David took the bloody Saul,
And sentry, and back to the boat they went."

Subsequently the British made an attack upon the village of Warren, the news of which was brought to Col. Barton. Hastily mounting his horse, he galloped away ahead of his troops, and arriving in advance, he saw one of the British soldiers setting fire to the meeting house, and setting up a tremendous halloo, the fellow fled and the marauders commenced their retreat. During the retreat of the British troops, their commanding officer being in the rear, Col. Barton infuriated that his native village was attacked, hailed him calling him a coward and daring him to come out and fight him: "come back you d——d coward, I am the man who took Prescott and by —— I'll hack you to pieces in less time than it took to take him." This is said to have been the only time he ever indulged in profanity; like his great commander Washington he never swore but once. Subsequently at

an engagement at Bristol Ferry. he received a very serious gun shot wound in the thigh which caused his resignation and retirement from service. Upon the arrival of the French fleet under Count Rochambeau. he entertained at his house both the Admiral and the gallant LaFayette. At the conclusion of the war he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and was a revenue officer. In 1794, Col. Barton as one of the grantees of this town, which was christened with his name, came here and cleared some land and erected a frail log house without floor or chimney and containing but one room. The clearing was in lot 5, range 7, near the Mansfield place. In the summer of 1796, he built the first saw mill in town, near where the railroad crosses the river at the Mansfield farm. As his family never came here to reside, I am of the opinion that he intended to speculate, and make sales of his allotted lands. Subsequently he became involved in a long and bitter litigation with Jonathan Allyn in relation to some land titles, which was finally decided against him; he was so much impressed with the idea of the injustice of the result, that he refused to pay the cost of suit and was committed to the jail in Danville, Vt., where he lay imprisoned for fourteen years when he was relieved by the liberality of LaFayette in 1825, who on his visit to this state, at that time learned with indignation that the brave Gen. Barton was a prisoner three hundred miles away from home, that he had pledged his word never to pay what he considered an unjust debt, and expressed great surprise that neither the government nor any individual had volunteered to release the aged veteran, without the sacrifice of his word. And the gallant and chivalrous Frenchman placed a sufficient sum of money in the hands of Gen. Fletcher, of Lyndon, to procure his release from imprisonment. He returned to Rhode Island, but the charm of life was broken and a gradual decline seemed to come over his health and faculties: the silver cord was loosed and he passed to rest Oct., 1831, aged 85.

The word "Landing," has a deeper significance and relates to a period of time antecedent to the landing of the Puritans in Plymouth Harbor and without doubt extending as

far back as the year 1535, the date of commencement of French discovery and occupation in North America. In the solemn and continuous march of historical occurrences, it was only the other day, that is, in the month of March in the year of Grace 1535, that Jacques Cartier, Seaman and privateer of the surf-beaten coast of St. Malo, Chevalier and Gentleman at Arms in the Court of Francis the First of France, with three small vessels and a retinue of needy adventurers which had been let loose from the galleys and prisons of France, ascended the great ocean river, which he christened the St. Lawrence, to a populous Indian village named Hochelaga; here Donnaconner, an Algonquin chief, conducted him to the top of a mountain, upon which he bestowed the name Mount Royal—Montreal, and showed him the country south and east for many miles in extent, and told him in wild pantomimic expressive gesture and harsh guttural language, of great rivers and inland seas, of smaller rivers and their numerous branches and tributary springs, and of a vast forest where were trees, remarkable for height and beauty of foliage, numerous in class and genera, extending from the great northern river to the stormy and rock bound coast of New England; its wooded mountains threaded by flashing cascades and clothed in the myriad tints and shades of an Indian summer, that peculiar phenomenon witnessed here in its greatest glory and beauty, when the earth whirling along its appointed circuit strikes and passes through the great meteor stratum and falls within the influence of an aerial gulf stream of mellowness of air, sight and sound and all nature appears somnolent as if to prepare itself by rest, against the blasts and ice-bound fetters of winter, where the golden foliage of the elm, the various hues of the maple, displaying concurring shades of red and crimson, the pale and yellow sober vesture of birch and beech, contrasts with the eternal somber green of the spruce and pine, all uniting in exquisite harmony to form an enchanting panorama of brilliant painting, fresh from the limning hand of Omniscience, obedient to the wonderful alchemy of nature and transfiguring the landscape of autumn; when "The great sun looked with the eye of love upon

the golden vapors around him," and where its last receding beams portrayed a vision of an half opened gateway to another world of greater beauty and glory, where the rivers are crystal and the deepening shadows of twilight never gather, ere it melted into the silver radiance of a starry night. A scene like this transcendently lovely in beauty and expanse compelled the admiration of the rough soldier of fortune and of the untutored Indian, who fancied he saw the benign smile of his good Deity, Countantowait, and enforced silence by its grandeur and majesty. Again speaking the chieftain pointed out the dark outline of the Green Mountain Range, the sharp peak of Jay Mountain and the rounded top of Owl's Head, beneath which lay the gleaming waters of Memphremagog and beyond which under the shade of mighty forests were the summer hunting grounds of his tribe, where roamed the moose, deer and black bear, and beside pond, lake and river were found the beaver and other fur-bearing animals. This territory he called Iroquousia now known as Vermont.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the aboriginal occupancy of the Eastern provinces of Canada and northern and eastern New England was of the Algonquin race and lineage, though they were also known and designated as the Abenakis, St. Francis and Coosuck Indians. There is abundant evidence that these Indians in their annual migrations from place to place for the purpose of hunting, fishing and trapping had communication and interchange with those dwelling upon the New England sea-shore, and that there were three long established trails or routes of Indian travel in the eastern and middle portions of Orleans County. The first was from Memphremagog Lake by way of Clyde River to Island Pond, the second was from the Lake by way of Barton River across the great water-shed which divides the waters of the St. Lawrence from those of the Connecticut, to the head waters of the Passumpsic River, and the third was from Sherbrooke to Norton Pond, thence by Ferris and Clyde Rivers to Island Pond. The objective point, south, being the greater highway along the Connecticut, the route north

of Memphremagog Lake from the St. Lawrence being by way of the St. Francis and Magog Rivers to the Lake. It does not appear that in the country lying between the St. Lawrence River and the Ox Bow meadows of Newbury and Haverhill, there was any considerable or continuous occupation of this part of the state by the Indians. An Indian route being thus established it is not difficult to locate an Indian landing place, where the rapids of a stream interposed an obstacle to canoe navigation and compelled a portage.

The existence of an Indian Landing on Barton River northerly of the site of the village of Barton Landing, is well attested by the knowledge and assertions of the early settlers of this part of the County, as well as by what was learned by them from occasional parties of Indians, remnants of the once powerful tribe of St. Francis, encamping on the adjoining land, in the early part of this century and late as the commencement of the second quarter of this century.

When the advancing tide of English settlement in 1760 had reached as far as Charlestown, Number Four, now Claremont, N. H., this route was used by Indian war-parties on the way to attack the frontier settlements, south, and some of the spoils and English captives of these expeditions were without doubt conveyed along this route, and it is beyond question that the advance scout, frontiersmen and ranger, the *avant courriers* of civilization were well acquainted with and used this Indian trail. In the spring of 1752, John Stark, a ranger, afterwards Gen. Stark, while hunting in Rumney, N. H., was surprised by the Indians and taken captive to St. Francis and escaped the following summer. On his return he published a rude outline map, showing the rivers Clyde and Barton. In 1759, Major Rogers, on his return from his ill-fated expedition against the St. Francis Indians, divided his forces at Indian Point, in Derby, and directing one detachment under Captain John Stark to proceed by way of Clyde River, he led his remaining troops up Barton River; this fact argues that he had previous knowledge of the topography of this section and that in his attempt to baffle the pursuit of the infuriated Indians, so brave and skilful a lead-

er would not have experimented upon the dangers of an unknown way. Joel Priest was one of the Rangers under the command of Major Rogers, and afterwards served in the Revolutionary War. He was also one of the early settlers of the town of Brownington and deceased in that town 98 years of age.

The old "Indian Trail" then established, we locate decisively the Indian Landing. Northerly from the village of Barton Landing on the easterly bank of Barton river, about ten feet from the highway bridge and the junction of two rivers, we must place and designate the "historical spot." Here, then, at this surpassingly beautiful place, where the lovely valley trends to the east and north, fortified and adorned by the graceful slopes and gradations of the surrounding hills, are represented two epochs in history, the one of wild and savage life, the other of peace, plenty, cultivated farms, the peopled village and cultured thought. And more strikingly and fittingly represented are they, by the memory of the dark and shaded Indian trail, and beside it and along its course the iron track of interstate commerce which in one continuous line connects the shores of Puget Sound with the great trade center and commercial capital of New England.

With this history in mind there lingers about the place the vivid and poetic charm of aboriginal life, mystery and tradition, and all the breadth and color which in poetry and fiction have often elevated the common-place into the romantic. Here has come the Indian when the surrounding hills and valleys were clothed in the verdure of a primeval forest, in his smoothly gliding picturesque bark canoe along the sinuous curves of the winding river bearing his arms, a rude war club wrought and ornamented with great ingenuity of barbaric device, a skillfully shaped and polished bow, and arrows pointed with flints and sharp bones, clothed in the undressed skins of animals, ornamented with a necklace of the claws of the bear and his head crowned with eagle's plumage, here has gleamed the evening camp-fire, its glowing beams touching here and there the delicate outlines of the river's bank, half enshrouded in the evening shadows, and here on the peeled bark of the

birch, the Indians' papyrus, he rudely sketched with native plumbago obtained from the rocky cliffs which day and night for a thousand years or more have kept watch and ward over Willoughby's cleft gorge, ruder hieroglyphics, which he left in a cleft stick for the guidance of the succeeding party, and perhaps, the large tender eyes of a stag or doe peering out curiously from the leafy covert, when the air was full of the spicy fragrance of wild fruits, the aromatic breath of the pines, and a thousand subtle odors which pass unnoticed by day and diffuse themselves with manifold intensity by night, and the moonlight seemed to endow everything upon which it reposed with solemnity and romance, and here perhaps some Uncas, his profile stamped in clear relief, as he meditated upon the narrowing and lessening area of his ancient hunting ground, and mournfully anticipated the clearing of the woodland, the level miles of velvet-like turf, fields of grain curling and singing at the touch of the evening breeze, neat homes, and the village beyond the hill,

"With graceful hand outspread
And arm upon a rock declined,
The eagle tuft that graced his head
Slow nodded to the evening wind:
In attitude he seemed to dwell
Upon the legend loved so well.
The night birds cry gave sudden thrill,
The lodge fires gleamed aslant the hill
A wild halloo went down the shore
And called him back to life once more."

And here came the wild hunter and ranger clad in moccasins and shirts of leather who emulated the Indian in his keen study of nature, his caution and his impassiveness, who, far away from the centers of civilization, more familiar with the manners of the wigwam than of the town, brave, fanciful, generous, always ready for change and new adventures, living in careless excitement, sank at last to rest in some green glade of the forest far away from home and kindred "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Here came Stark who had studied the wilderness and learned the life of the woods, and schooled and disciplined in border warfare led the provincial troops on to victory at Bennington, following these the early pioneer, his chief wealth, his musket and a round doz-

en of barefooted healthy children, the daring smuggler, the ringing blows of the woodman's axe, and the slow moving plow.

In 1808, in consequence of the Embargo Act which closed the Atlantic ports, the Landing was used for the storage and shipping from thence to Quebec and Montreal of large quantities of salts and pearlshes, the channel of the river to the lake being cleared out somewhat for that purpose and this navigation continued until June, 1810, when the breaking out of Runaway Pond filled up the river-bed and rendered further navigation impracticable.

In 1813 or 1814 the "smuggler's road" led from the Landing easterly over the crest of the adjacent hill, which was then at least thirty feet higher than now and the "Smuggler's Camp" was midway between the hill and the Landing. It is said this road continued after reaching Willoughby Falls along Willoughby River to Willoughby Lake and Long Pond in Westmore, where in the recesses of the forest, and at an old Indian encampment there was a noted retreat of smugglers. On the farm now owned by Ira Sturtevant was a space in the woods, enclosed by a log fence where cattle were kept *en route* to Stanstead.

The morality of smuggling has been much discussed. While all must admit that the means necessary to the support of a paternal government must be rigorously collected and each citizen must cheerfully bear his share of the burdens imposed, in return for the benefits of protection by law conferred, yet our ancestors and early settlers, who saw but little money and handled less, who were compelled to adopt and rely upon a barter system, when salts and pearlshes were a legal tender for all debts public as well as private, impoverished by the expenses of a war in opposition to the excise laws of the mother country intended to force into an artificial and unnatural channel the industry and commerce of the colonies, engaged in privateering and other enterprizes of like character, which appeared necessary to the general welfare, and which were in no way repugnant to the moral sense of good church-men and ardent patriots, and they became a nation of law-breakers. Smuggling was deemed an honorable

occupation, and the daring and successful smuggler was often exalted into a hero. Nineteenths of the colonists were smugglers, one-fourth part of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were bred to commerce and a contraband trade. John Hancock was the prince of contraband traders, and was on trial for smuggling with John Adams as his counsel at the very time Lexington Green was dyed with the blood of the militia and minute-men. Good old Jonathan Trumbull (Brother Jonathan) Governor of Connecticut and a steadfast supporter of the Blue Laws, if not misrepresented by tradition, was not averse to the illegitimate traffic, and there is a letter extant from Alexander Hamilton, in which he gives directions how to avoid customs regulations. The belief was general that every violation of an excise law was an advance toward freedom. What wonder then, that in the war of 1812 in view of such prevalent doctrines and of such worthy exemplars, to the poor and struggling settler, the alluring vision of British gold obscured latent patriotism, for the very man who gloried in the exploit of out maneuvering a custom officer, would and did cheerfully shoulder his musket and volunteer to go to Plattsburgh. Customs officers were looked upon as aristocrats and oppressors and but few willingly engaged in the pursuit and capture of his neighbor, for an offense which was not set down in the Decalogue.

In the month of March, 1814, a company of smugglers, returning in the night time from Canada with a load of articles, were intercepted by the customs officers, on the hill immediately east of Willoughby Falls and a hard battle ensued and several were seriously wounded, one of the officers receiving so severe a beating that his life was for some time after despaired of. The smugglers being the stronger party broke away and succeeded in securing a portion of their goods. The officers recovered a part and arrested two, who were taken as prisoners to the tavern of Jonathan Robinson in this town and from which they escaped the following day. A neighbor rode into the yard and leaving his horse unhitched went into the house, the imprisoned rushed out and jumping into the sleigh, lashed

the house into a run, and with shouts of derisive laughter and sundry gyrating motions of the fingers at the nose, escaped across the line.

The early settlers of this town and village, were thrifty, industrious and intelligent men and women. Prudence, industry and integrity, were the cardinal virtues sought, inculcated and enforced. They were forced to work the livelong day for a bare and coarse subsistence and though long continued from early dawn till after dark, it was nearly all of a kind that stimulated intelligence. The cobbler used his brain as well as his lapstone, the blacksmith was an artisan and often a leader in the church choir and a speaker in town and school-meetings, the carpenter was a craftsman; with poor tools unaided by machinery, he was compelled to hew out his dwelling-place, and he built it plainly and well: the house and man were built up together, and each was strong and true.

The farmer was highway surveyor, Selectman, Legislator and Justice of the Peace, in all functions performing the various duties appertaining to each with the same steadiness of purpose and fidelity to principle as shown in the management of his farm. As Legislator broad minded and scrupulously economical in public expenditure, and as a Justice of the Peace holding with even hand the scales of justice, and rendering with great common sense and conscientiousness his opinions regarding equity and good conscience, rather than being bound by precedent or technical distinctions. The housewife systematic and skillful, spun, wove and colored the cloth with which the family were clad, and as the web was woven, thrift, intelligence and wifely and motherly devotion made part of the warp and woof. Each man and woman was the creator and builder of a grand social and moral atmosphere, as well as of a home, of kindest and ennobling influences long to be remembered and cherished. There was no comfortable subsistence without true manhood and true womanhood.

Thanksgiving days, when our grandmothers with a culinary skill that was most wonderful, furnished tables groaning under the display and abundance of garden, orchard and

harvest, were occasions for the gathering of all related by consanguinity and affinity, from the aged grandparents to the youngest recruit in any army of grand-children. The fattest turkey was reserved for the minister who would as soon have expected the sky to fall, as to have been neglected and who received it with a grandeur of mien typical of an exalted christian birth and station, and a brace of fowls was given to the poorer and less fortunate neighbors.

Their raisings, logging bees, training days, merry-makings, quiltings, apple parings and huskings are very much out of date, and golden in the remembrance of other days, past and gone never to be recalled.

It is supposed and believed, that there are external proofs that at a not very distant geological period, the area of Lake Memphremagog was very much more extensive than at present, and included therein, not only the lands adjacent to Black, Barton and Clyde Rivers, but also Island Pond in Essex County, Salem and Hinman Ponds in Derby, Seymour Lake in Morgan, Willoughby Lake, Belle Water and Runaway Ponds, formerly known as Long Pond, and all the lesser bodies of water in the connected water system of Orleans County. Consequently the territory now known as Barton Landing was an ancient Lake bed and the geologist can now find indications of the formation of Lake terraces along the Barton River, showing a periodical subsidence of the waters of a pond or lake, but history affords nothing tending to show any violent outflow with the exception of the breaking out of Runaway Pond, or an Indian tradition of a like occurrence within the limits of the town of Charleston.

At the commencement of the 1820, upon the lands now designated as Barton Landing there was not an inhabitant. It was an uncleared forest, for the greater part consisting of low swampy lands, with groups of pine trees on the dryer and more elevated portions, and groups of deciduous trees, birch, beech, elm and maple on the surrounding hills. Upon the hill immediately east of Willoughby Falls was a group of pines, tall, majestic and towering above the surrounding forest growth from thirty to forty feet, one of which was

six feet in diameter, and which was reserved in several successive conveyances of the land upon which it stood, and was called the "Owens Pine." There was no cleared land here, with the exception of the "old County road" so called, from Barton village to Brownington, Coventry Center and Newport, and which at the Brown farm intersected with the Irasburgh and Brownington road, which passed westerly from the Brown farm by the Barrows, Dodge and Locke farms to Irasburgh Common, and also excepting a small clearing at the "Landing" of about half an acre at the Indian and Smugglers' camping ground. The old County road south of the village started from the old stage road from Barton to Stanstead, passed the fair ground and thence down the hill in the pasture now owned by Judge Austin, thence along Main street and diverging between the houses of Mrs. Drew and Heber Parker, passed over the round topped hill west of Maple street to the Landing. Lots ten and eleven originally drawn to the right of Daniel Owen, comprises the larger part of the territory of Barton Landing village.

In 1820, Major Roger Enos built a saw mill on Barton river where the repair shop of S. Burbank now stands. In 1827, Paul McNeal and David McNeal purchased of Joseph Owen the whole of lot No. eleven, and erected thereon two log houses, that belonging to Paul McNeal was but a few feet east of the house now owned by Dean Rogers, the other the property of David McNeal was situated on the old County road in the Austin pasture near the spings of water therein. These log houses contained each but two rooms, the ground floor, and the attic, reached by a ladder. The fire-places in each were alike and consisted of a large flat stone resting upon the floor, upon which the fire was built and another flat stone stood edgewise against the side wall. The chimneys were constructed as follows: a hole was bored diagonally into a log in the side of the house over the fire-place a round stick placed therein and extending upwards was fastened to a beam, upon the stick a board or plank was placed and upon this a chimney was built consisting of round sticks of wood placed cross wise or cob-house

and mixed with clay-mortar. Another log-house stood in the garden plot in front of the widow Drew's house, and constructed like the others, except that the chimney consisted of a long box open at both ends and extending from above the fire through the roof, and fastened at the rafters, and this was occupied by Ebenezer Dorr who worked in the saw mill. The McNeals had each a clearing of from one to two acres contiguous to their houses, and there was one of about the same extent from the mill northerly to the Landing.

In June, 1828, Josiah Dean, a native-born of Smithfield, R. I., then a resident of Dudley, Mass., came here and purchased of Paul and David McNeal one hundred acres of land, paying therefore the sum of six hundred dollars in hard cash. Mr. Dean then 58 years of age, and by trade an edge tool maker, who had become weary of a factory life, was desirous, it would seem, of making a home for himself and family some degrees nearer the north-pole, where the popular idea was that "to tickle the soil with a hoe" was all that was necessary to insure a bountiful harvest. He was, in the vernacular of that day, a "fore-handed man" and in a new settlement he who bought a farm without the usual accompaniment of a mortgage at once took rank as a man of wealth. In March following, he came here with his family. The journey was accomplished in thirteen days, the last half day consumed in getting from Barton village to this place. They started with two teams, the first a two horse team, in which was transported the father and his two eldest sons, and the household furniture together with the driver, the other was a one horse sled, with a cotton cloth canopy, containing the remaining seven members of the family quite closely packed. Upon their arrival at the house of Paul McNeal, they found that it had been used during the winter to shelter sheep, but the mother, with characteristic vim and pluck soon had the house cleaned, the floor washed, commenced housekeeping, and accommodated the family as best they could in a house about 15 feet square. This house and its surroundings was quite a contrast to the brown stone house which they had owned before their departure from Dudley, and situated in an active manu-

facturing village.

Upon awakening the next morning and beginning to stir about, the children were very much surprised to hear the sound of a bell and upon inquiry, learned that about two miles distant through the woods there was a flourishing village, and an academy of one hundred or more students, and that they had heard the measured cadences of an academy bell. During the next summer he built a substantial house, which now constitutes the main part of Dean Rogers house, and of the same style of architecture as at present, and during the same season he erected a potashery across the present highway and immediately opposite his house, and commenced to purchase ashes and to reduce them to black salts. The making of ashes was a slow and laborious operation. A piece of woods would be felled, then the logs all cut into suitable lengths and drawn together into a pile and burned, then another pile would be made in the same place and burned, and this would be repeated until the growth of an acre or more would be reduced to ashes, and then gathered and sold. At the work, a very hard working athletic man with his oxen making long days labor, could realize fifty cents per day. This industry was quite general and was the only one which promised a return of money. At the time Mr. Dean came here and for two years thereafter the river was crossed by means of two rafts just below the present iron bridge. When in 1831 a bridge of log abutments was made, which was carried away by a freshet, then an interim of another year when the rafts were used. Then another and more substantial bridge was built.

The children of Josiah Dean and wife who came here in 1829, were Waity, who married John Leonard, Ruhama, who married Joseph Colley, Thomas Jefferson who was a sailor and in company with Ebenezer Peck, who first settled on the Daniel Brown farm, went upon a whaling voyage from Marblehead, Mass., and never returned, both being drowned, Richard Madison who worked in the Eaton saw mill for 22 years, moved to Sutton, Vt., and deceased in 1880,

George Dean now living in Coventry, Vt.
Levi Dean " " " " "
Jennie Dean " " " Sutton, "

Josiah Dean Jr., moved to Sutton, Vt, and died in 1892. Louisa, who married W. P. Wiggins and is at present living in this town, Rebecca, who married Samuel Bartlett, of Sutton, Vt. Lucy, who married Gray, of Milford, Mass., Dolly, who was the second wife of Samuel Bartlett. Noah, now living at Lyndonville, Vt., now 72 years of age, and but seven years of age when the family came to this town, and to whom the writer is under great obligations for the history of Barton Landing. At the time Mr. Dean moved here, Eben Devereaux had commenced the manufacture of spinning wheels and bedsteads in part of the Enos saw mill, he lived in a log house near where Mrs. Waitey Leonard now resides. In the summer of 1829, Paul McNeal built a frame house, which is now owned by I. M. Conner. Joseph Colley, born in New Hampshire, came to Barton in 1821, being then nine years of age, he came to the Barton Landing in 1830, and worked for Joseph Dean. The second frame house was built by Jesse Cook, in 1833, upon the site of the present hotel, and where he kept tavern. Mr. Cook was an active, enterprising man, and during the year following, in company with Josiah Dean, erected two lime kilns at Willoughby Falls and manufactured lime of an excellent quality, and furnished the lime used in the erection of the Academy stone boarding house at Brownington village, young Noah Dean driving the ox team conveying the lime to Brownington. In 1833, the present highway from Barton Landing to Brownington village was surveyed and opened for public travel and a bridge was built across the river at Willoughby Falls. Mr. Cook was a mason and clothier by trade. In 1834, he commenced the manufacture of cloth in the Enos saw mill, an enterprise which was continued for a short time, and in 1835, with the aid and assistance of Lewis Stimpson, who came here that year from Melbourne, Canada, and had been a student at Brownington Academy, he had a brick yard where the Congregational Church now

stands and manufactured brick. Mr. Cook was an energetic and public-spirited citizen, quite independent in thought and sentiment, kind and courteous to all who believed otherwise, but claiming a right to think and act for himself. A Universalist in religious belief, his daily life was such as to convince all with whom he came in contact, of his honesty of purpose and regularity of life. He was also a Free-Mason in that exciting period following the abduction of Morgan, though highly respected among his neighbors, his frequent and regular absences in the nighttime occasioned unjust and acrimonious criticism, which was not lessened by the reticence of himself and his family as to his motives and purposes on such occasions. He donated the land for a public burying ground in this village. He remained here until his death which occurred May 26th, 1843.

The first marriage was that of Paul McNeal and Laura Cook, daughter of Jesse Cook, and the first death that of Robert Cass.

In 1831, the river road from Barton village was extended to this place. In 1832, the Village School District was organized and the first school-house was built in what is now the garden of N. P. Sawyer, it was a one-story building, the seats being upon either side, one above the other in three tiers, and the teacher's desk at the end opposite the door. This building was afterwards moved across the road and now forms a part of the house owned and occupied by Daniel Skinner. The first teacher was Miss Martha Wright who afterwards married Stillman Seaver. The school-house was also used for religious meetings, and alternately by those professing the somewhat antagonistic creeds and beliefs of the Baptists, Methodists and Universalists, and here doubtless came stern expounders of faith and creed, who each in turn with apostolic zeal hammered both book and desk with mighty blows, and either argued stoutly on the final perseverance of the saints, or relieved in turn the fears of the doubting, with tidings of grace unbounded and free to all, and where has risen in accents of praise, the paraphrase of the grandly beautiful Psalm:

"The Lord my shepherd is I'll not want. He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me, the great waters by
The sweet old words, the sweet old tune that bore their spirits higher
Than all the tortured music of the cultured modern choir."

In 1831, the old County road was changed so as to pass by the present grist mill and along the river bank. The fourth frame house was built by Joseph Colley, in 1833 and afterwards owned and occupied by Luther Spencer, and now owned by O. P. Dunham. The same year a log house near the Grimes place was built and occupied by Jonathan Newton. The fifth frame house was built by William Colley, in 1833, a shoemaker by trade, and as an inducement to the commencement of that industry, Jesse Cook presented him all the land from the bridge to the mill on that side of the highway, the ell of the house was occupied by William and Joseph Colley as a shoe shop, and afterwards by Noah Dean in the same kind of business. This ell was afterwards occupied by E. E. Stafford as a store previous to the building of his business block which was burned in Sept., 1891, and this house was the same owned and occupied by Mr. Stafford.

The sixth frame house was built by Martin Pomeroy, in 1833, occupied by Joseph Stafford in 1840, and stood where the house now owned by H. W. Haselton stands.

The seventh frame house was built by Joseph Colley, in 1836, since known as the Wilson place, now owned by George Smith.

In 1837, a house was built by Benjamin Forbes, a blacksmith, known as the Bigelow house which was destroyed by fire in 1876, and was situated on the land now occupied by H. M. Whipple's business block, about the same time there was a blacksmith shop where Brown & Skinner's storehouse is located.

In 1840, the shed and ell of the Josiah Dean house, was moved across the road, and with some additions converted into the house now occupied by Dr. E. G. Stevens.

In 1839, Jesse Cook built the house now owned by Joseph Bartlett. This was also

purchased in 1840 by Cyrus Eaton, who lived there while a resident here.

In 1841, Harris Smith succeeded Cook in the tavern, and had for sale in a room in the tavern a stock of goods which he brought with him from Sheffield, and the next year he built a store upon the ground occupied by the Webster store, and engaged in business with Albert S. Eaton.

In 1839, John Little became the owner of the Enos saw mill, and put in a run of granite stones, this mill becoming known as the "pudding mill."

In 1841, Mr. Eaton caused the grist mill to be built, and during that year built the saw mill now owned by E. L. Chandler.

In 1843, the Lewis Stimpson house was built by W. P. Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins was born in a log house on the Abel Humphrey farm.

In contrast to these, a growth of fifty years shows about 130 dwelling houses, and since last September, an actual expenditure of at least \$40,000 in the erection of new buildings, and a population of about 800

It is to be regretted that at this time we are unable to furnish in detail sketches of the lives of the early settlers in this part of the town, as such, when fairly and correctly written, afford a better portraiture of a period in town history than any other class of composition. A few sketches, however, hastily prepared, afford glimpses of personal characteristics, and of a period concerning which much has been lost, and what remains is necessarily fragmentary and traditional and rests in the fading memories of the old men and women of the present, the more immediate descendants of our pioneers.

Joseph Colley, born in the state of New Hampshire, came to this town when nine years of age, and nine years later, to the infant settlement of Barton Landing. He was a worthy shoemaker, public spirited, and contributed to the growth of the place. For twenty years he was a peddler and was well known to all the housewives of Orleans County. If I remember correctly, he carried and exposed for sale calicoes, cotton cloth and Yankee notions. A member of the M. E. Church, his life and general habits of thought were not

inconsistent with a firm and unvaried religious belief. During the later years of his life he was a farmer to a limited extent. His youth and manhood were passed in this village. He had witnessed the transformation from an almost uncleared forest area to a village growth of action and enterprise, and had shared in the vicissitudes, labors, hopes and fears of an advancing civilization. He deceased at the age of seventy-five years. His life, though not in a popular sense a distinguished one, was such that, in the performance of duty as it came to him, he was a factor and co-worker in the growth, material as well as social and moral, of a community.

Luther Spencer was born in Brownington, Vermont, and was a son of Erastus Spencer, one of the earliest settlers of that town, a farmer and an unostentatious man, a good citizen and an accommodating neighbor, but as firm and unyielding (the characteristic creed and faith of a Puritan ancestry) as the everlasting hills. The high moral and religious shades of his character were known and read of all men, and which, added to the extreme rigidity of his religious notions, contributed to an independence and general seriousness that indicated to an indifferent observer a complete self-satisfaction that rejected and treated with disdain any adverse criticism. As illustrative of this, the following anecdote is related: Being an excessive user of tobacco, an irreverent neighbor, in the course of a somewhat acrid religious discussion, said, "Why, you use tobacco!" To which Mr. Spencer, with some dignity of manner, replied, "I buy my tobacco; I pay for it; it is mine. If I use it that is my business." His son, Joseph H., was a Barton Landing boy and attended the district school in the first school-house. A good scholar, apt at declamation, his rank as a scholar was good; of a sunny disposition and with a love of the humorous, he was a favorite among his playmates and companions—not essentially a "chip of the old block," I suspect. The gentle disposition of a mother had toned down somewhat the stern, unyielding nature of his father, and the union contributed to the product of a character which, though firm and steady in moral and religious convictions,

was generous and sympathetic. On arriving at manhood, believing in the better possibilities promised in the western states, he went to Northport, in the state of Minnesota, and, deciding soon upon what kind of business he would engage in, he took a course of instruction at a commercial college in Chicago, at the close of which he was prepared to become an accurate and accomplished book-keeper in all its branches of business.

He was engaged in that business during the memorable political campaign of 1860. He was an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and upon the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, was prepared to sustain him in his efforts to put down treason, to the extent of his disposition and ability. Consequently, he was the first man to enlist in the state of his adoption and became a member of the 1st Minn. Vols. His regiment was present at the first battle of Manassas Junction and lost heavily in that engagement. His business qualities and qualifications for the position having become known, upon the reorganization of the Signal Service, he was transferred to that department and continued in that ser-

vice, an important, responsible and arduous employment.

He was not only enrolled, but by force, it would seem, of a natural adaptation to that work, won, and merited, promotion. He became an instructor and a member of the Examining Board in that branch of army service. He was detailed to most important work and was a member of the staff of different brigade and corps commanders. The signal service under his immediate supervision and the faithful field work performed was the subject of special orders of honorable mention by Generals Stone, Banks, Shields and Pope. He was stationed afterward at Washington as Chief Signal Officer of the Army of the Potomac.

At the close of the war he retired with the rank of Captain. Upon his return to Minnesota, he resumed business and deceased a few years later.

One of many, he served with honor and distinction, and the distinguished services rendered reflected honor and credit upon his native village.

THE LANDING PLACE.

By DAVID HILL.

(D. W. Hildreth, Barton Landing, Vermont.)

I.

The hour has come. The curtains wide,
Roll back, each half on either side.
What is the view? 'Tis nothing less
Than one long reach of wilderness
With tangled swamps in summer's green,
A deep, dark river in between,
Uneven heights of wooded hills,
Long alder-skirted brooks, and rills,
And not one single rood of land
To greet the eye on either hand.
The time is—day; and over all
The sunlight bright is seen to fall.

Act first begins. High up in air
Between the earth and heavens blue,
The marsh-hawk, and buzzard, too,
Gyrate around serenely there.
Beneath, through branches, in and out,
The nimble squirrel frisks about.
A panther near is seen to cling
On maple branch, prepared to spring
Into a herd of feeding deer
Unconscious of the danger near.
The wolf is slunk into its lair;
The bark of fox, and growl of bear,
Is mingled with the solemn drum

Of partridge, and the log-cock's thrum.
 Silent beside the flowing river,
 Where shadows fall and sun-beams quiver,
 The wild moose stands,—he sniffs the air—
 He turns—he flees—we know not where.
 Into the river's mucky bank
 The muskrat hides in shadows dank.
 The beavers and the otters glide
 Through waves that part on either side,
 And fright the wood-duck with her brood,
 As down they dive beneath the flood.
 The song of birds is in the air;
 But—list! another sound is there.
 Unlike the splash the beavers made,
 It is the dip and splash of blade;
 And soon around the river's bend,
 In quest of this secure retreat
 Near where these flowing rivers meet,
 Long Indian boats are seen to trend.
 Right here those boats they safely moor,
 Then sullen seek the silent shore;
 Their wigwams rise—their campfires gleam—
 The trout are taken from the stream,
 And soon the odor of repast
 Is out upon the breezes cast;
 They eat—they sleep—they wait the morn
 To rise—divide—and journey on.

Why come these redmen from the north,
 These fierce Algonquins, rude in dress?
 Why, spring and fall, go back and forth
 Through Magog's* dreary wilderness?
 Lie they encamped in wild array,
 Armed, equipped for bloody strife,
 With gleaming tomahawk and knife,
 En-route to cut, and scalp, and slay
 The pale-face living far away?
 What do they here? Is it to war
 With feudal tribes, they journey far?
 No,—like Lyford, hunter bold,
 Who one time ranged these wooded hills,
 And trapped these lakes, and ponds, and
 rills
 A Nimrod pioneer of old—
 They choose the lakes and ponds around
 For fish and game that there abound.
 Here they encamp—here they divide—
 Up these two valleys, long and wide,
 They pass, to where each lake and pond
 Is hidden by the hills beyond.
 They trap—they fish; when winds grow chill,

And frosts have tipped each vale and hill,
 And trees are bare—they journey back
 Along each well-remembered track—
 Back through these valleys wide they come,
 And on to their St. Francis home.
 This was their route—no doubt their feet
 Once trod the soil in this retreat.

II.

Behold! with changes ever new,
 Act second now rolls into view.
 Here are the hills, the swamp, the stream,
 The river and the sunlight's gleam.
 The marsh-hawk and the buzzard still
 Sail over forest, vale and hill;
 But that which was one endless wood,
 Unbroken save by Indian trail,
 Hold cabins now where wigwams stood,
 And roads half fenced by slash and rail;
 Beside which, open fields are seen
 With grass, and black stumps in between.
 New sounds are heard—the hunter's gun—
 The low of cattle in the run—
 The ax resounding in and out
 Among the trees—the settlers shout—
 And to the east, by Kendall's rill†
 The squeaking wheel of "pudding mill."

But let us turn from field and wood
 To where the river rolls away
 Down toward the confines of the bay.
 What secrets slumber in that flood!
 Oh! that some spirit from its bed
 Might rise, like Lazarus from the dead,
 And to our startled ears unfold
 The secrets which those waters hold.
 How hearts might throb, and pulses beat,
 At deeds too frightful to repeat!
 Perchance it, too, might tell the tale
 Connected with that "shirt of mail."‡
 Enough! we know—we plainly trace
 How Indian warriors long ago
 In their long journeys, to and fro,
 Made this one point their landing-place.
 Here passed their captives to the fate
 Of slaves, or martyrs to their hate.
 Here, too, the Rangers, in their dress
 Of buckskin leggings, coonskin caps,
 Fringed hunting shirts, and other traps
 Well suited to the wilderness—

*The land along Barton river was once known as the "Magog country."

†Known to-day as the Day brook.

‡Found in Irasburg in the spring of 1827.

The redman's most relentless foe—
Well armed with knife, and fierce with fist,
Whose smooth-bore flint-locks seldom
missed,

Behold! those men passed to and fro.
Then, too, one early autumn's day,
Came Rogers with his band of men
From that St. Francis slaughter-pen
Round Indian point, and lake, and bay,
Past Duncansboro's§ muddy banks,
With death and hunger on their flanks,
We see them come—now they divide—
Stark, with his men, go up the Clyde,
While Rogers takes this rougher track
Of hills, toward waters of Bell Lac.||
Ah! true it is, to look around,
Our eyes behold historic ground.

Now look again. The silvered gleam
Within the depths of Barton stream,
Is stirred no more with bark canoe

With trophies of the fight or chase;
Strange barks are seen entirely new,
And paddled by another race.

Great rafts of starch, boatloads of stone,
Pot-ashes, grain, and goods unknown,
Are borne each day at man's behest
Along this river's waveless breast
Here—loads of grist, o'er waters still,
Are boated from West Derby mill.

There—but, wait! those boats that make

Along the banks, shut out of sight
By trees, and darkness of the night,
Are smugglers from across the lake.

While some, by secret paths unknown
To all, save to themselves alone,
Drive herds of beesves, unfettered—loose—
To Canada for British use,

These outlaws in return aspire
To smuggle cloth, and steel, and wire.
They hug the shore—right here they land,
A bold, determined, lawless band.

Lo! as I look—behold! those men
Stand 'round me now, as they stood then.

III.

Act third before us now appears

With all the whirl and change of years.
Where once the tangled swamp-trees grew,
Broad open meadows rise to view.
A stately village now is seen

Where once the log-walled cabin stood;
Tall grass is waving freshly green

Where once was endless tracks of wood.
The broad highways, the lawns, the parks,
Lake steamers, sail-boats, fancy barks,
Long railways winding through the land,
Electric wires on every hand,
Great business plants, and marts of trade,
Each pompous show, and grand parade,
Would those old pioneers dumfound
Could they rise up and look around.
Yet, so it is; as nations rise,
We see the march of enterprise.

Alas! the river flowing near,
How it has changed year after year!

The savage, smuggler, settler, all
Have left it to its solemn fate;
Like streams near some old castle wall,
It flows, but shorn of regal state.

Now, beaver, otter, sable, deer,
And moose are gone. Ducks linger here
As sad reminders of the past.

By sawdust choked, and filling fast
With drift-wood, mire, and rankling weeds,
In which all water vermin breeds,
Bank-washed, stagnant, bridged across.

Its sunken bed half filled with moss—
How changed and how unlike that river
In which the sun-beams used to quiver.
To-day, we hardly find a trace
Of that old time-worn landing-place.

Methinks, when like some giant wall
Long Pond, one day, came rushing down,
It was a sable funeral pall

To close this river's brief renown.
Now, all has changed in form and name;
But—look! one feature is the same:
The marsh-hawk and the buzzard still
Sail over forest, vale and hill.

§Original name of Newport, Vt.

||A sheet of water in Barton known to-day as Crystal Lake.

PROCEEDINGS

—OF THE—

ORLEANS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AUGUST 27, 1892, AT BARTON LANDING

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Society was held at Barton Landing, on Saturday, August 27, 1892. It was designed at this meeting to commemorate the landing place of the Indians as they passed along this route through this section of the country, not only after New England was begun to be settled by the whites, but in pre-historic times. The waters of Barton River up to the foot of the lower falls was used also by the white settlers and travelers along this route, and the same landing place was also used by them. This landing early gave the name of Barton Landing, first to the locality, and later, when the settlers began to build there, to the village that sprang up and continues to grow in size and importance. Through the enterprise of the citizens of Barton Landing, and particularly to Hon. B. F. D. Carpenter, a large granite boulder* was placed at the spot where the landing was made, and suitably engraved to designate the locality. This rock the Orleans County Historical Society were to have the honor to dedicate at this annual meeting.

The weather being rainy and cold, the exercises were varied somewhat from what was contemplated. It was planned to have the exercises commence at 10 o'clock, a. m., and have coffee made over a camp-fire on the banks of Barton River, at the original Landing, where the boulder was placed, but it was thought best on account of the rainy weather

to defer the exercises until afternoon and hold them in the Congregational Church, and serve the coffee in the vestry. A long table was spread and quite a large party enjoyed their social lunch there at the appointed hour.

At one o'clock the meeting was called to order by the President, E. A. Stewart. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. K. Fuller, Pastor of the Congregational Church, followed with music by the quartet.†

An original poem was delivered by D. W. Hildreth, entitled "The Landing Place." Music by the quartet. The Historical Address was delivered by Hon. B. F. D. Carpenter. The exercises at the Church were then closed with music by the quartet. The attendance was very large, all the seats being filled. The audience then went down to the "Memorial Rock," the veritable "Barton Landing," about one-third of a mile north of the present village which received its name from that locality and the early use made of it.

The "Landing"‡ is located on the point of land at the confluence of the Barton and Willoughby Rivers, on the east side of the former and south side of the latter. The public bridge spans Barton River at this point with

†The choir consisted of Mrs. Hugh Buchanan, soprano; Mrs. D. W. Hildreth, alto; M. M. Taplin, tenor; Harry Perley, bass; and Mrs. M. M. Taplin, organist.

*Dr. John M. Currier, of Newport, the Secretary of the Society, has the credit of suggesting marking the locality with an engraved granite boulder.

‡This spot was located by a committee appointed by the Historical Society consisting of B. F. D. Carpenter, D. W. Hildreth, and George Nye. They obtained reliable evidence of the location of the "Landing" from the traditions of the early settlers.

the east abutment only a few feet above the mouth of Willoughby River, along the southern bank of which the public highway passes from the bridge towards the village. The scenery about here is beautiful. Both rivers pass through level meadows of tillage land, only a few feet above their placid waters. A few rods south is situated the lower falls of Barton River over which no boats or canoes could pass. On the south side of the highway near the end of the bridge stand two thrifty elm trees about twenty feet apart; to the south of these stands a large thrifty butternut tree on land owned by Lewis Forbes, of Brownington, who gave his permission to the erection of the boulder. Under the shadows of these three trees, on the east bank of Barton River only a few feet from the shore, is placed the Memorial Rock. A fine view of the whole scene is obtained in passing along the railroad west of the river. Another fine view is obtained from the highway, which is so near that the inscription can be read as one passes along. Visitors at this lovely spot constantly hear the murmur of the waters over the falls, which undoubtedly served to guide those who passed along this route, to the proper Landing or embarking place.

After the audience arrived at the boulder, Mrs. Martha A. Allbee read, and the choir sang the following original

DEDICATORY HYMN:

Great God, to Thee we bring
A tribute of our praise,
For all the blessings Thou didst send
Upon a vanished race.

Long years have passed away
Since warriors, brave and strong,
Sought refuge on these lovely shores,
And reared their light wigwam.

The mountains guarded well
The valley of their choice;
And all the works which nature wrought
With silent tongues rejoice.

The river sang its songs
O'er rocks and pebbles rare,
Murmuring by the goldenrod
To Magog's waters fair.

They built their birch canoes,
Sped o'er its rippling waves,
Propelled by stalwart arms and strong,
Long since in unknown graves.

On, on, past willow shrines
That lined the grassy shores,
The alders nodded to the pines,
And whispered tales of yore.

They landed where the falls
Awoke the green woods wild;
The dewdrops sparkled 'neath the sun
And wild flowers bloomed the while.

The rock it resteth where
Three elms in grandeur stood,
Waving their leafy branches o'er
A restful solitude.

On yonder hill there grew
A group of forest trees;
One stands with plumed head in air,
And dallies with the breeze.

The wind bowed low its head,
The hurricane blew wild,
But its strong arms withstood the blast,
And nature sweetly smiled.

How grand in her wild array
When footsteps pressed her sod,
The birds they sang their joyful strain—
The ferns looked up to God.

To-day we dedicate
This sacred place to Thee,
And crown it with immortal love,
And hallowed memories.

The Boulder was then unveiled by **Waldo Leonard**, a grandson of **Noah Dean**, one of the early settlers of Barton, and presented by **Judge O. H. Austin** as follows:

Mr. President,—To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of presenting to the Orleans County Historical Society, the simple and rustic memorial stone, which is now uncovered by the grandson of one of the pioneers of this village.

We wish to pass the title to the society you represent, that our pleasant memorials of this day may ever be associated with your work, and your visit among us.

Here where the Indian rovers rested, as they came from their more northern hunting and fishing grounds, to seek the laughing waters above, we have placed our memorial stone, possibly our "Ebenezer" stone, to remind ourselves and our children and all who pass this way, that our home is where nature indicated to her own children the natural stopping places, and we have also followed her directions.

Our "Landing" has been by many associated with landing of smugglers, or the later landing of suckers, for the delectation of our neighbors' tables: The excellent address of Mr. Carpenter, to which we have just listened, has clearly established our right to the name on higher grounds, and we are grateful for it all. We shall take more pride in our village, our chosen home; we will remember that they who first came here had to row up stream, they did not drift hither. There is fitness therefore in the motto of our high School, "Row, not Drift." And if we have any right to this pleasant valley, at the junction of the rushing Willoughby with the steadier going Barton, it must be because we are willing when need be, to pull up stream. We are bound to do good work, or in all fairness to give back to the fishes these streams, and to the wild beast and Indians these meadows and hillsides.

Accept our rustic memorial, with our most cordial good wishes for all the good work of this Society, in preserving the history of our early settlers, and encouraging a love for our good country.

The president responded as follows:

Judge Austin and Friends.—In behalf of the society I represent I gratefully accept this gift. It is a pleasant task we have to-day. In a historical sense we may truly say, "A duty has been performed." This landing place of the Indian and pioneer, so long neglected, has at last received a fitting memorial. This granite boulder, taken from your own native hills, has written upon it as with the point of a diamond, engraven in the rock forever, a fact of history of great import to the people of this beautiful, and thriving village.

And none too soon has this been done. I have an impression that this historic spot as a locality was fading from the minds of men. Fifty years ago as I roamed over these hills and through these valleys from my dear native Brownington, the reason for the peculiar name of this village was oftentimes talked about. Then there was no meeting place here except the old school-house, primitive enough, standing near what is now one of the railroad sheds; and this place as a town was not much to speak of. But as it in-

creased its business and multiplied its stores and factories the old landmarks were being forgotten. The object of this meeting will be accomplished if the knowledge of this historic spot shall be restored to the thoughts of the men of this community.

We therefore dedicate this landmark by this enduring memorial; and when future generations as they pass and repass this spot shall ask, "what means this stone?" What we do here and now will afford a complete and satisfactory answer. The words chiseled upon this rock, the record of this meeting, and your words and recollections who are here to-day, transmitted to your children and children's children, will bring back the answer that this spot marks the beginning of a new point in history, that this landing place was first had by the pioneers of what has become a large and prosperous community.

The Memorial Boulder is a rough granite rock with its angles worn off in its migrations during the glacial period. It was obtained from a moraine east of the village. The lettering was done on the rough unpolished surface by one of the workmen of Gates & Coolidge, of Barton Landing. The inscription reads as follows:

INDIAN AND PIONEER LANDING

DEDICATED AUG. 27, 1892,

RELICS MENTIONED.

H. K. Dewey exhibited the original charter of the town of Barton. Also several copies of very early Vermont Registers and Almanacs. He exhibited a copy of "Original Prose and Poetry: embracing a variety of Novel, Moral, and Political Subjects," by N. Boyn-

ton, Derby, Vermont. Published by N. Boynton in 1856, 253 pages.

Mrs. O. H. Austin exhibited a block tin tea-pot that was used in the family of Judge Willard, of Barton Landing.

Mrs. A. C. Joslyn presented a copy of "Christian Hymns and Spiritual Songs," printed about 1770. A piece of the wedding silk dress of Lucy Pierce, in which she was married about 150 years ago. She was grandmother to Mrs. Joslyn. Also a piece of needle work made by Miss Lucy Robinson of Norwich, Connecticut, at 12 years of age, who afterwards married Jason Hinman, of Holland, Vt., and the mother of Mrs. Joslyn.

Mrs. Sally M. Quimby, of Derby, presented a copy of "A Reply to Mr. Balfour's Essays, touching the State of the Dead, and a Future Retribution," by Charles Hudson, Woodstock, Vt., printed by David Watson, 1829, bound in ash boards. Also a copy of "Sequel to the English Reader," by Lindlay Murray, Woodstock, Vt., 1821, bound in leather and ash boards.

Mrs. Holbrook Wood presented a copy of "The Panoplist, and Missionary Magazine United," for the year ending June 1, 1809, Vol I, New Series.

F. W. Baldwin exhibited a copy of "Biography of Revolutionary Heroes: Containing the Life of Brigadier General William Barton," by Mrs. Williams, Providence: 1839 pp. 312.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED

C. S. Skinner, Rev. J. K. Fuller, D. C. French, F. C. Brown, D. W. Hildreth, I. D. R. Collins, George Nye, M. M. Taplin, Mrs. A. D. Chandler Mrs. Martha Allbee.

ACCOUNT OF RELICS FOUND.

About the middle of July, 1892, Mr. Frank Biddell, of Newport, Vt., went down Lake Memphremagog and camped a few days on Bell Island. While there he found on the exposed rocks at the south end of the Island, three copper implements. One was a fish-hook, the other two were knives. They were all made of native copper, and rudely constructed. The fish-hook was two and one-fourth inches long, and three-sixteenths inch-

es in diameter; the shank was roughened for securing it to the line; the hook described an irregular circle of three-fourths of an inch, and the end was not barbed, but was sharpened to a point. The knives were in the shape of the household meat chopping knife, with a shank on either end turned up at nearly right angles to the blades for hafting. The blades were slightly convex on the cutting edge, and originally were quite sharp. One of the knives had a blade four and one-fourth inches long, three-fourths inch wide in the widest place, and one-eighth inch thick; one of its shanks was one and three-eighths inches long and one fourth inch thick, the other was one inch long and one-fourth inch thick; the ends of both shanks were blunt pointed. The other knife was five inches long, one inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick; one shank was blunt pointed, two and one-eighth inches long, and one-fourth inch thick; the other shank was two inches long and about one-fourth inch thick at the blade, and gradually tapering to a sharp point. Both shanks started in one-half inch from either end. These implements were rudely beaten out of pieces of native copper, plainly showing that they had been formed by much hammering; although they have been much corroded by long exposure, their temper is still so hard that they will sink into green hard wood without turning the edge.

These three copper implements make six in all that I have heard of being found in the Memphremagog Valley. One was a spear point, now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and the other two are still in private collections, one of which was described in the Proceedings of the Orleans County Historical Society in 1889.

OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

The officers for the ensuing year are: E. A. Stewart of Newport, president; Charles Carpenter of West Charleston, first vice-president; C. H. Jones of Barton Landing, second vice-president; John M. Currier of Newport, secretary; C. F. Ranney, B. F. D. Carpenter and John M. Currier, publication committee.

